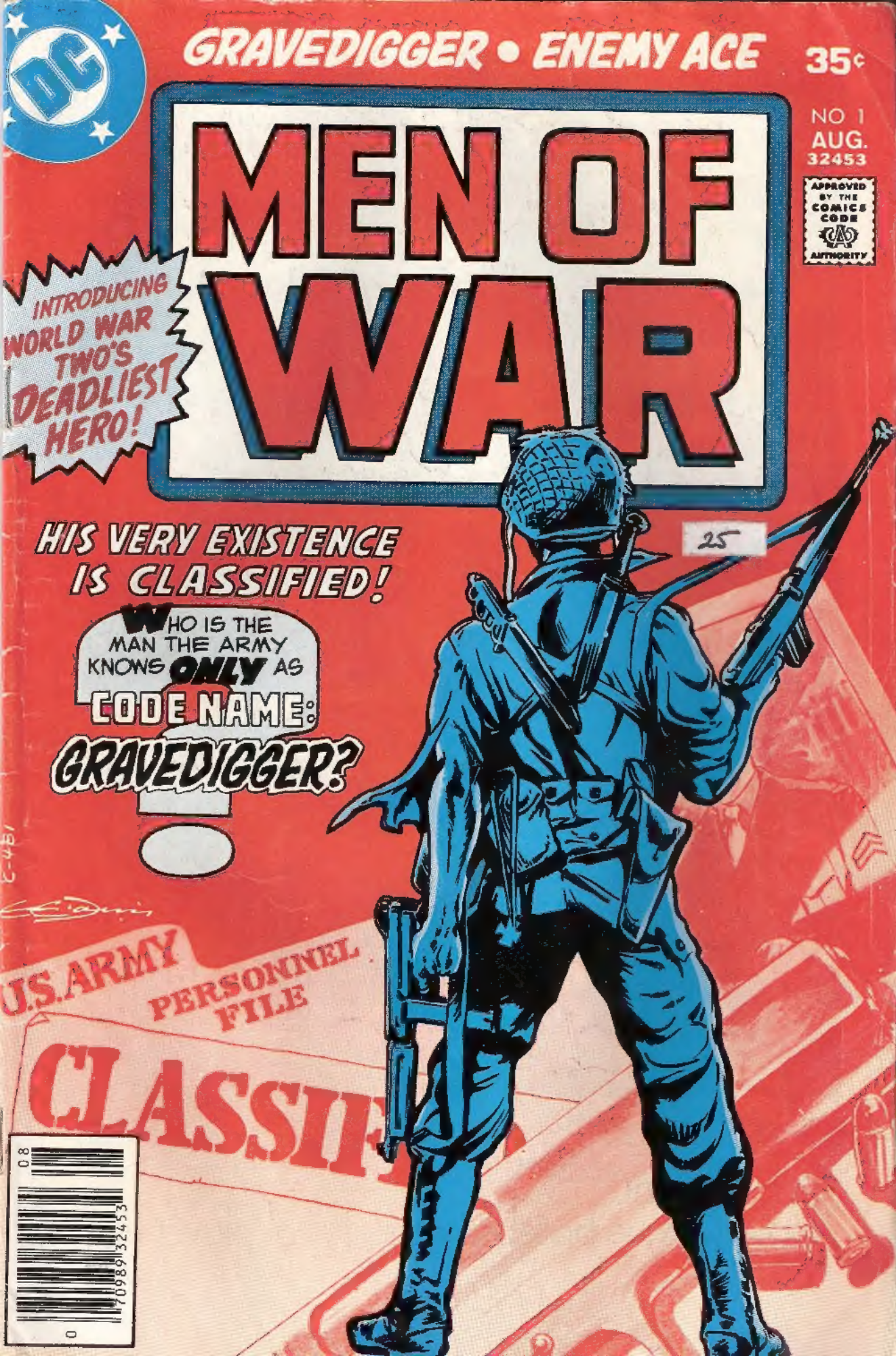
GRAVEDIGGER • ENEMY ACE
35¢
NO 1
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32453
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
MEN OF WAR
INTRODUCING WORLD WAR TWO'S DEADLIEST HERO!
HIS VERY EXISTENCE IS CLASSIFIED!
WHO IS THE MAN THE ARMY KNOWS ONLY AS CODE NAME: GRAVEDIGGER?
U.S. ARMY PERSONNEL FILE
CLASSIF
25

HANDLER OF THE DEAD: A RATHER IGNOBLE POSITION FOR A MAN SOON TO BECOME LEGEND. BUT THEN, NO ONE EVER SAID THAT WAR IS LONG ON LOGIC. JUST ASK ULYSSES HAZARD, A MAN WHO HAD TO FIGHT NOT ONLY THE ENEMY--BUT HIS OWN COUNTRY--TO EARN THE...
CODE NAME: Gravedigger
HEY, HAZARD! I THOUGHT GRAVES REGISTRATION WAS SUPPOSED TO BE EASY DUTY! JUST COME IN AFTER THE FIGHTIN'S OVER AN' BURY THE BODIES!
WELL, I GUESS SOMEONE FORGOT TO TELL THE NAZIS, BOGAN! 'CAUSE IF THOSE SHELLS GET ANY CLOSER--
--THEY'RE GONNA BE BURYIN' US!
DAVID MICHELINIE -WRITER- ED DAVIS -ARTIST- ROMEO TANGHAL -INKER- JERRY SERPE -COLORIST-

MEN OF WAR, Vol. 1, No. 1, August, 1977. Published monthly (with the exception of Oct., Dec., Feb., Apr. and June) by DC COMICS INC., 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10019. Copyright © 1977 by DC Comics Inc. All Rights Reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead, are intended or should be inferred. Printed in U.S.A.

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SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.: DC COMICS INC., 155 Allen Blvd., Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735. Annual subscription rate $3.00. Outside U.S.A. $4.00

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SOUTHERN FRANCE, THE SUMMER OF '42...
BLAST! IF THE ARMY'D JUST GIVE US GUNS INSTEAD OF SHOVELS, WE COULD HELP 'EM TAKE THAT VILLAGE!
C'MON, HAZARD, YOU KNOW THEY CAN'T GIVE US "DARKIES" REAL WEAPONS. WHY, WE MIGHT ACCIDENTALLY SHOOT OUR TOES OFF--
--AN' THEN WHO'D DANCE FOR THE OFFICERS' MESS?
K-KNOCK IT OFF, B-B-BOGAN! TH-THIS AIN'T NO T-TIME FOR J-J-JOKES!
AH, WHAT'TA YOU KNOW, STUTTER-MOUTH!
CAN IT, BOGAN-- ANDY'S RIGHT! WE GOTTA--
HUH? A SCREAM!
EEEEEEE
IT CAME FROM THAT FARMHOUSE! AND UNLESS MY EARS ARE BUCKIN' FOR A SECTION EIGHT--
--THAT WAS A WOMAN'S VOICE!
SO WHAT, SARGE? WE'RE NON-COMBATANTS, REMEMBER?
LET THE REAL SOLDIERS DO THE--
--DIRTY WORK...?
2

WHILE AT THAT MOMENT, BULLET-RIDDLED YARDS AWAY...
THAT WAS VERY FOOLISH, FREULEIN. YOUR SCREAM COULD DRAW UNDUE ATTENTION--
--AND THAT WOULD PROVE DISASTROUS NOT ONLY TO OUR RADIO OPERATIONS-- BUT TO YOUR FAMILY AS WELL!
IF YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN...
WHAT I SEE, YOU FILTHY BOCHE--
--IS ZAT YOU ARE A SWINE!
ACH!
PTU
HO, GRUBER! IT SEEMS THE GIRL IS SOMEWHAT LACKING IN MANNERS, eh? HA HA!
YA, HEINRICH. PERHAPS IT IS TIME I TAUGHT H■R TO BEHAVE... LIKE A LADY!
KAREESH
PERHAPS, HERR GRUBER... BUT THEN--
--PERHAPS NOT!
3

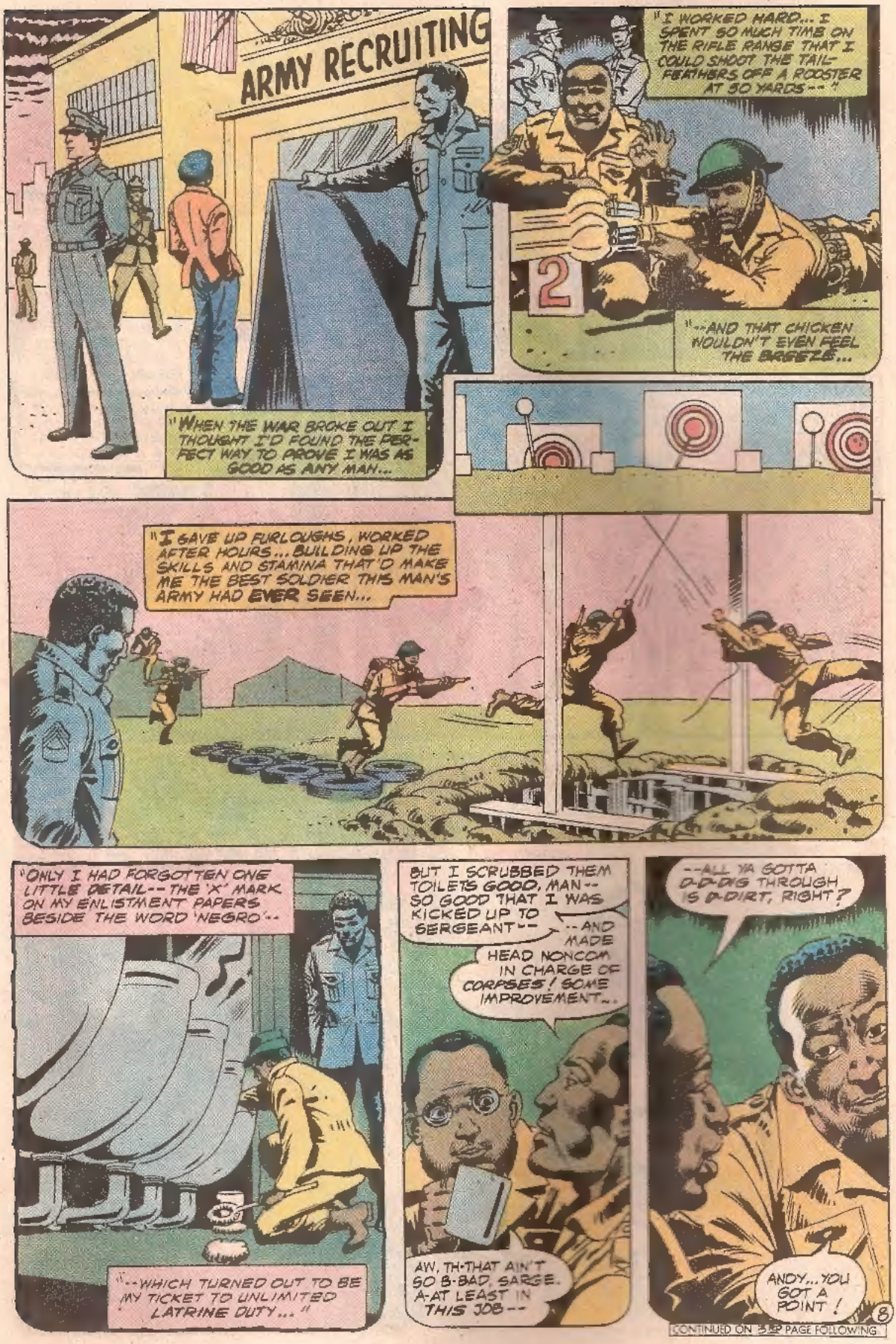
AMERIKANER!
YA! BUT HE IS ALONE--AND A SCHWARZ* AS WELL!
THIS SHOULDN'T TAKE LONG!
* BLACK
YOU'RE RIGHT, PAL-- IT SHOULDN'T--
WAS--?!
--AND IT WON'T!
KA-WHAM!
YOUR FANCY TRICKS MIGHT SAVE YOU FROM A KNIFE, YOU BOBBING BABOON--
BRRRP!
--BUT THEY WON'T SAVE YOU FROM A SCHMEISSER!
MAYBE NOT, CREEP, BUT I'LL BET MARKS TO MEATBALLS--
--THAT THIS WILL!
AAAIIIGH

CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING

GOTT! YOU FIGHT LIKE A DEMON! BUT I WILL SEND YOU WHERE DEMONS BELONG--
--TO HELL!
YOU BRAG REAL GOOD, FELLA--
THUD!
--FOR A MAN WHO'S GONNA BE TAKING HIS NEXT FEW MEALS--
--THROUGH A TUBE!
WELL, I GUESS THAT FINISHES THAT!
NO, SGT. HAZARD, NOT QUITE...
...THOUGH, FORTUNATELY, THIS DOES!
ANDY?!
CHRANG
I-I-I JUST THOUGHT YOU M-MIGHT NEED A H-HAND, S-S-SARGE.
YOU THOUGHT RIGHT, BUDDY. THANKS.

BUT THEN...
MY, WHAT A TOUCHING SCENE!
HUH-- LIEUTENANT GAGE!
CORRECT, SERGEANT. AFTER WE SECURED THE VILLAGE, ONE OF YOUR BOYS SAID THERE MIGHT BE SOME TROUBLE OVER HERE!
THOUGH IT LOOKS LIKE THINGS ARE UNDER CONTROL NOW, I MUST SAY YOU CIVILIANS HANDLED THESE KRAUTS SURPRISINGLY WELL!
WHA--? B-BUT, LIEUTENANT, I-IT WASN'T THEM! I-IT WAS--
THAT'S ENOUGH, SOLDIER! I WON'T HAVE YOU INSULTING THESE GOOD PEOPLE'S COURAGE!
CONSIDER YOURSELF ON REPORT!
B-BUT, LIEUTENANT--!
THAT'S OKAY, ANDY, HE JUST DOESN'T UNDERSTAND!
OH, I UNDERSTAND, SERGEANT--ONLY TOO WELL! NOW TAKE THIS MAN AND RETURN TO YOUR DUTIES AT ONCE--
--OR I'LL HAVE YOU BOTH UP ON CHARGES OF INSUBORDINATION!
IS THAT CLEAR?
YEAH, IT'S CLEAR...
JUST A MINUTE, SERGEANT. PERHAPS I SHOULD REMIND YOU THAT YOU'RE ADDRESSING AN OFFICER.
NOW, WHAT WAS THAT YOU SAID?
I SAID "YEAH, IT'S CLEAR...
"...SIR!"

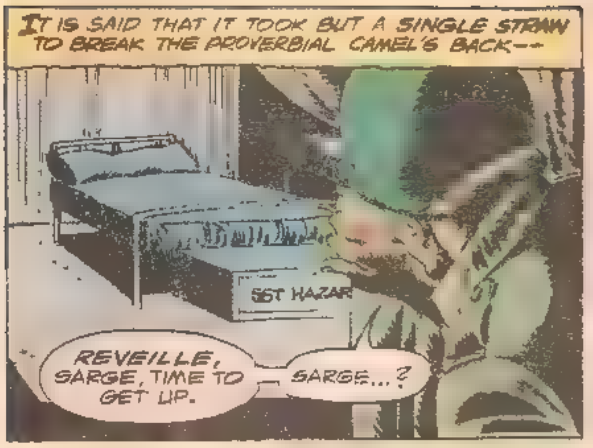
THE BATTLE IS OVER, BUT THE BITTERNESS REMAINS... AND THAT NIGHT, IN THE NEWLY-LIBERATED VILLAGE...
WH-WHY SO G-GLUM, SARGE? BEIN' ON REPORT AIN'T THE END OF THE W-WORLD.
IT AIN'T THE PUNISHMENT, DAMN IT! IT'S THE BLOODY BLIND ATTITUDES BEHIND IT!
HEY! D-DON'T TAKE M-MY HEAD OFF! I-I'M ON YOUR SIDE, R-REMEMBER?
I...I'M SORRY, ANDY. IT'S JUST THAT I BEEN CARRYIN' THIS CHIP ON MY SHOULDER SINCE LONG BEFORE PEARL HARBOR...
"Y'SEE, GROWIN' UP BLACK IN BIRMINGHAM IS HARD ENOUGH -- BUT WHEN POLIO LEAVES YOU HALF-CRIPPLED, IT'S PURE HELL--
"...'CAUSE THEN YOU TAKE GRIEF FROM PUNKS OF ALL COLORS...
"THAT'S WHY I DECIDED TO MAKE MYSELF WALK, RUN, DO EVERYTHING A NORMAL MAN COULD DO--
"--OR ELSE DIE TRYIN'...
"NOTHIN' ELSE SEEMED TO MATTER... AND SO I FORCED MYSELF TO WHERE I FELT LIKE ONE MORE PUSH-UP'D SNAP ME LIKE AN OLD POPSICLE STICK... BUT I DID THAT PUSH-UP...
"...AND MORE...
"BUT EVEN EXERCISES COULDN'T MAKE ME A MUSCLE-MAN, SO I LEARNED OTHER WAYS TO TAKE CARE O' MYSELF --
"--JU-JITSU WAS ONE... AND THERE WERE OTHERS MOST PEOPLE NEVER EVEN HEARD OF...

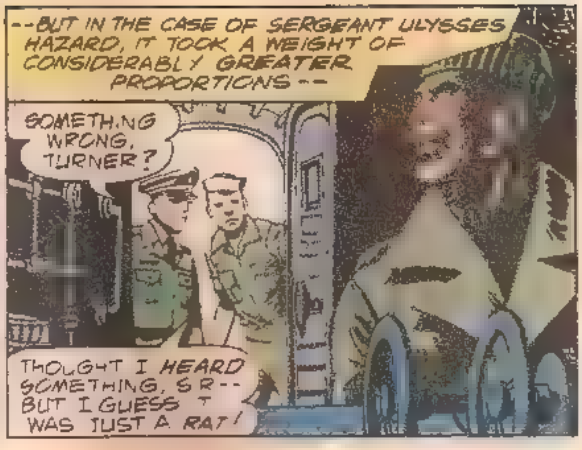

ARMY RECRUITING
"WHEN THE WAR BROKE OUT I THOUGHT I'D FOUND THE PERFECT WAY TO PROVE I WAS AS GOOD AS ANY MAN...
"I WORKED HARD... I SPENT SO MUCH TIME ON THE RIFLE RANGE THAT I COULD SHOOT THE TAIL-FEATHERS OFF A ROOSTER AT 50 YARDS--"
"--AND THAT CHICKEN WOULDN'T EVEN FEEL THE BREEZE...
"I GAVE UP FURLOUGHS, WORKED AFTER HOURS... BUILDING UP THE SKILLS AND STAMINA THAT'D MAKE ME THE BEST SOLDIER THIS MAN'S ARMY HAD EVER SEEN...
"ONLY I HAD FORGOTTEN ONE LITTLE DETAIL--THE 'X' MARK ON MY ENLISTMENT PAPERS BESIDE THE WORD 'NEGRO'--
"--WHICH TURNED OUT TO BE MY TICKET TO UNLIMITED LATRINE DUTY..."
BUT I SCRUBBED THEM TOILETS GOOD, MAN--SO GOOD THAT I WAS KICKED UP TO SERGEANT--
--AND MADE HEAD NONCOM IN CHARGE OF CORPSES! SOME IMPROVEMENT...
AW, TH-THAT AIN'T SO B-BAD, SARGE. A-AT LEAST IN THIS JOB--
--ALL YA GOTTA D-D-DIG THROUGH IS D-DIRT, RIGHT?
ANDY... YOU GOT A POINT!
8
CONTINUED ON 5TH PAGE FOLLOWING

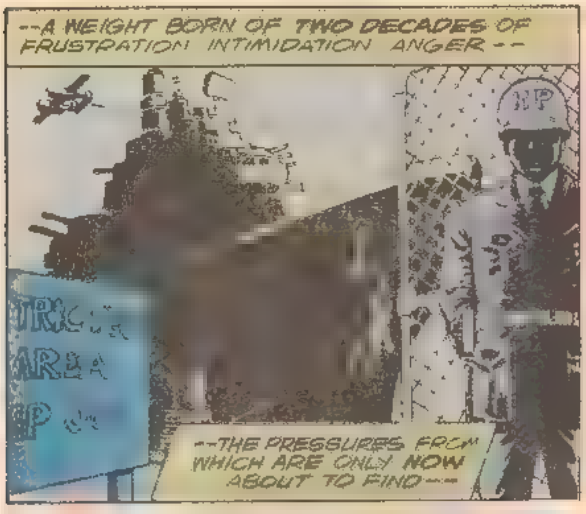
THE NEXT MORNING, 0600 HOURS--AS THE GRIM "CLEAN-UP" PROCEDURES BEGIN...
IT'S A SHAME TO PUT ALL THESE FINE FIGHTING MEN IN SUCH SHODDY GRAVES. BUT THE KRAUTS ARE ON THE MOVE AGAIN, AND TIME IS OF THE--
--EEAAAA!
VIIP!
VIIP!
L-L-LIEUTENANT! G-GET DOWN!
NAZI BUZZARD! COMIN' ROUND TO PAY US BACK FOR ROUSTIN' THEIR INFANTRY YESTERDAY!
THDADADOW!
BNEEE!
VIIP!
VIIP!
BLAST IT! THERE'S NO COVER FOR A HUNDRED YARDS! IF THAT STUKA MAKES ANOTHER PASS--WE'VE HAD IT!
DON'T COUNT YOUR TOMBSTONES 'FORE THEY'RE PLANTED, LIEUTENANT--
--WE STILL GOT A CHANCE!
WHA--WITH A BAZOOKA?! B-BUT NO ONE CAN HIT A MOVING PLANE WITH A BAZOOKA!
YOU'RE CRAZY, HAZARD!
9

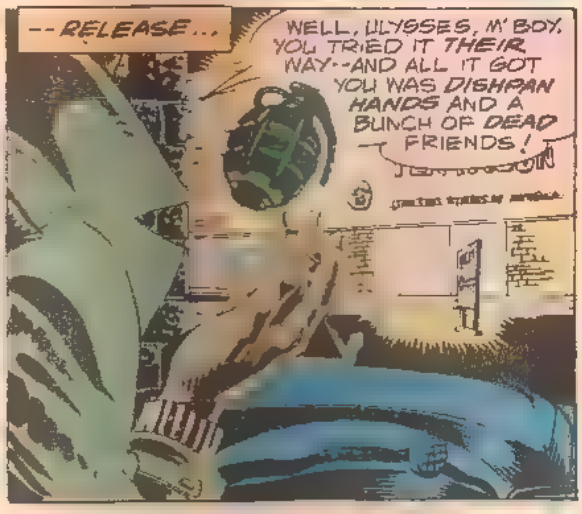
CONTINUED ON 5TH PAGE FOLLOWING

I... I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR BUDDY, SERGEANT. IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO...
YEAH, LIEUTENANT THERE'S SOMETHIN' YOU CAN DO
YOU CAN TRANSFER ME TO A COMBAT UNIT SO I CAN DO WHAT I JOINED UP TO DO! SO I CAN HELP END THIS WAR A LITTLE SOONER!
AND SO MAYBE THERE'LL BE A FEW LESS ANDYS" TO BURY!
I REALIZE THAT, SERGEANT, AND YOU MAY REST ASSURED THAT I'LL HAVE THE HIGHEST COMMENDATION SENT TO HIS SURVIVING RELATIVES!
NOW I'LL, UH, LEAVE YOU TO FINISH UP HERE-- I'M SURE YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.
WHAT I UNDERSTAND, LIEUTENANT, IS THAT THIS MAN SAVED YOUR LIFE! YOU OWE HIM!
I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT TO DO..
YEAH, LIEUTENANT--

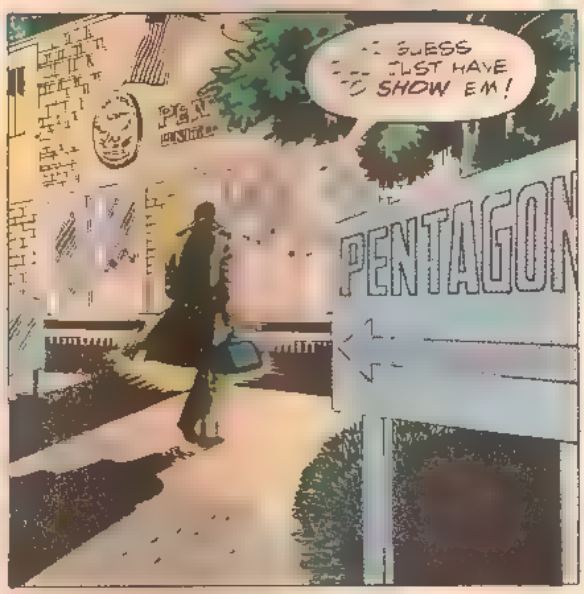

IT IS SAID THAT IT TOOK BUT A SINGLE STRAW TO BREAK THE PROVERBIAL CAMEL'S BACK--
1ST HAZAR
REVEILLE, SARGE, TIME TO GET UP.
SARGE...?

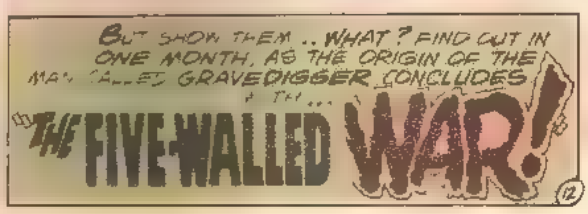

--BUT IN THE CASE OF SERGEANT ULYSSES HAZARD, IT TOOK A WEIGHT OF CONSIDERABLY GREATER PROPORTIONS--
SOMETHING WRONG, TURNER?
THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING, SIR-- BUT I GUESS IT WAS JUST A RAT!

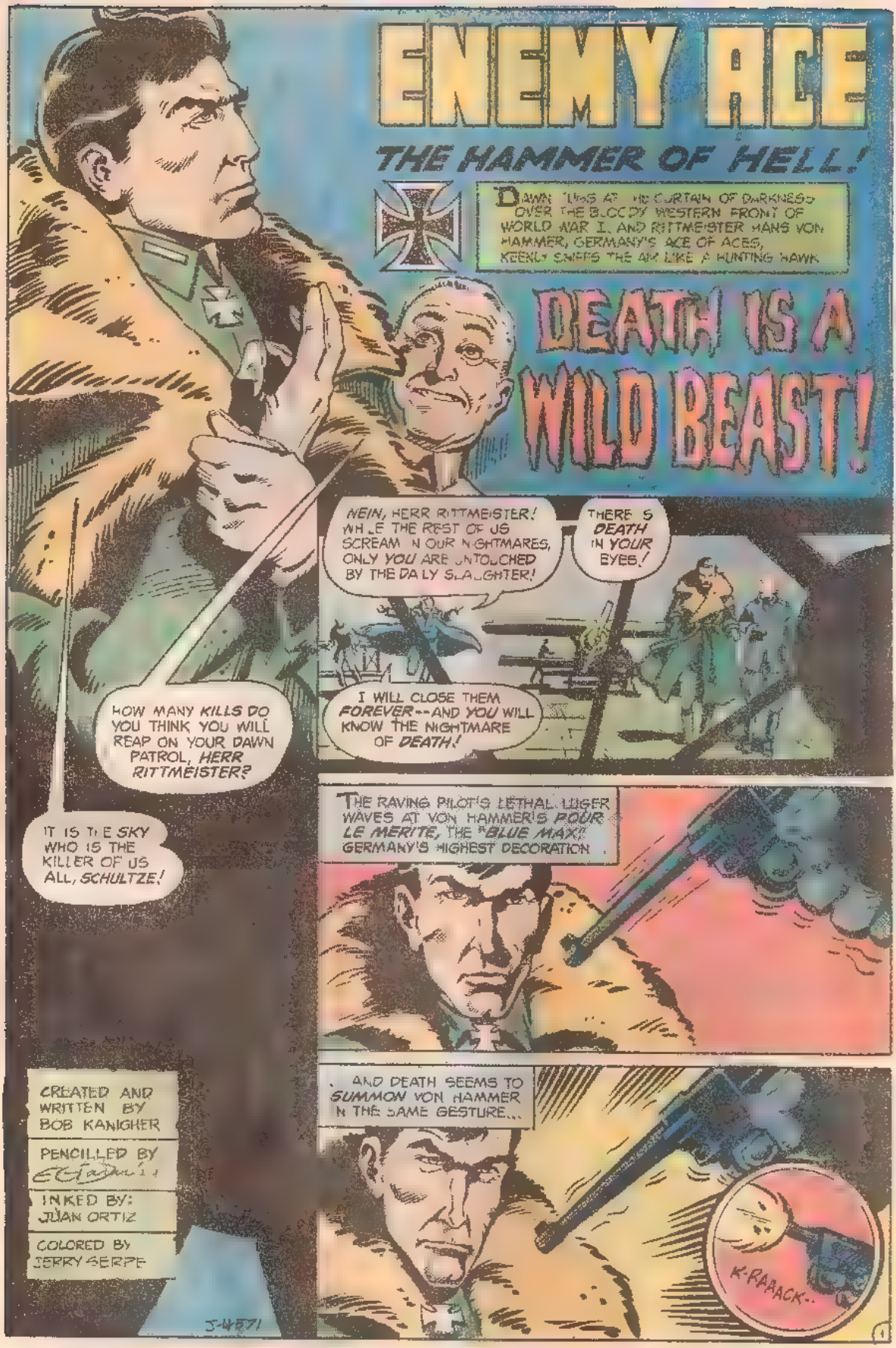

--A WEIGHT BORN OF TWO DECADES OF FRUSTRATION INTIMIDATION ANGER--
--THE PRESSURES FROM WHICH ARE ONLY NOW ABOUT TO FIND--


--RELEASE...
WELL, ULYSSES, M' BOY, YOU TRIED IT THEIR WAY--AND ALL IT GOT YOU WAS DISHPAN HANDS AND A BUNCH OF DEAD FRIENDS!

SO IF THOSE BLUE NOSED BUREAUCRATS WON'T LISTEN WHEN I TELL EM WHAT I CAN DO, THEN BY GOD--

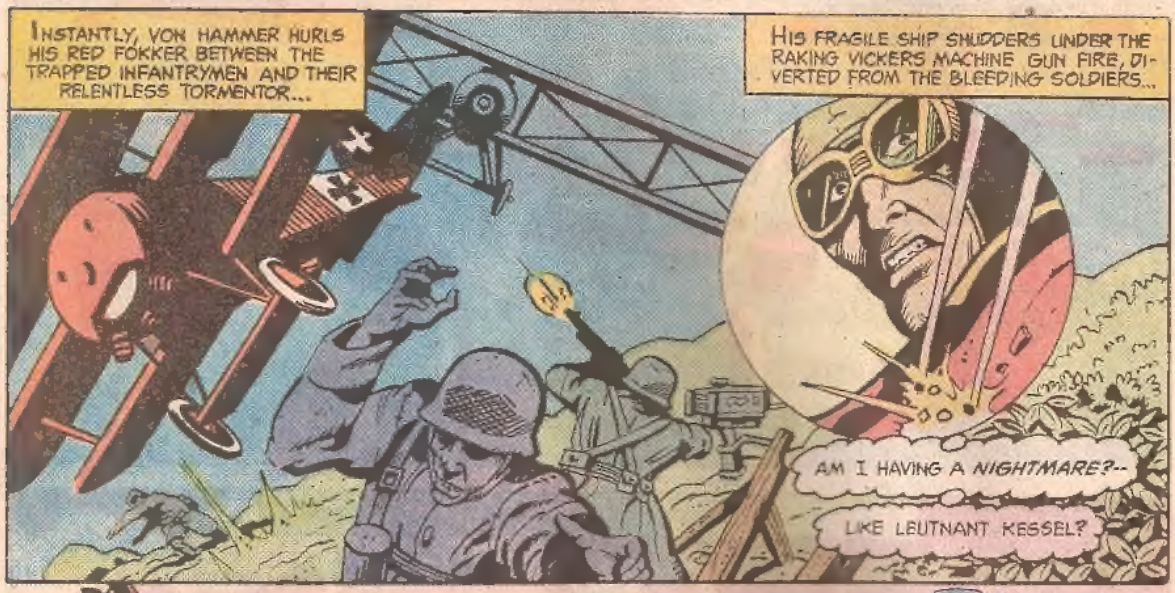

I GUESS I JUST HAVE TO SHOW EM!
PENTAGON

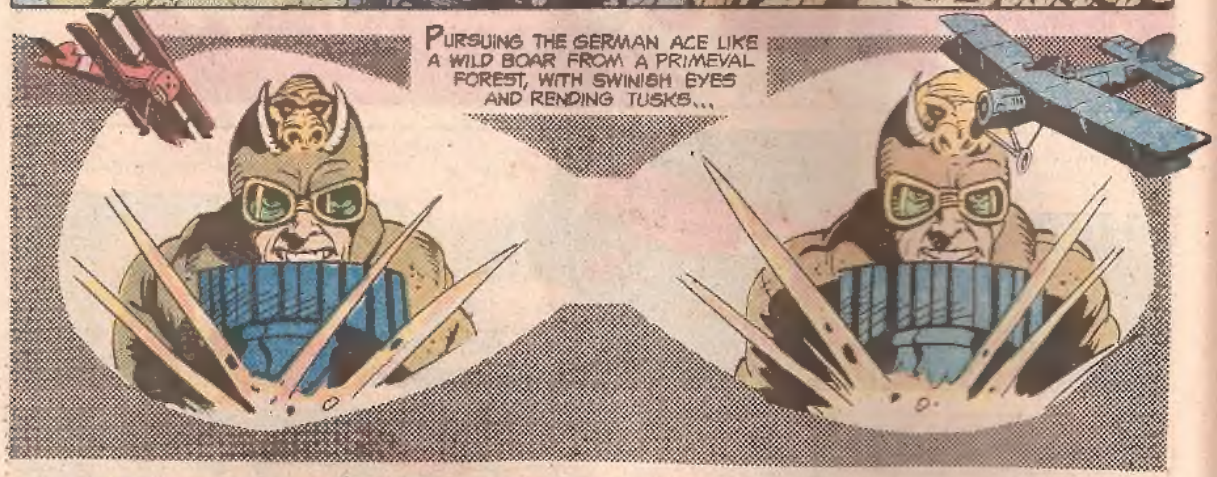

BUT SHOW THEM .. WHAT? FIND OUT IN ONE MONTH, AS THE ORIGIN OF THE MAN CALLED GRAVEDIGGER CONCLUDES IN THE...
THE FIVE-WALLED WAR!


ENEMY ACE
THE HAMMER OF HELL!
DAWN LIFTS AT THE CURTAIN OF DARKNESS OVER THE BLOODY WESTERN FRONT OF WORLD WAR I, AND RITTMEISTER MANS VON HAMMER, GERMANY'S ACE OF ACES, KEENLY SNIFFS THE AIR LIKE A HUNTING HAWK
DEATH IS A WILD BEAST!
HOW MANY KILLS DO YOU THINK YOU WILL REAP ON YOUR DAWN PATROL, HERR RITTMEISTER?
IT IS THE SKY WHO IS THE KILLER OF US ALL, SCHULTZE!
NEIN, HERR RITTMEISTER! WHILE THE REST OF US SCREAM IN OUR NIGHTMARES, ONLY YOU ARE UNTOUCHED BY THE DAILY SLAUGHTER!
THERE'S DEATH IN YOUR EYES!
I WILL CLOSE THEM FOREVER--AND YOU WILL KNOW THE NIGHTMARE OF DEATH!
THE RAVING PILOT'S LETHAL LUGER WAVES AT VON HAMMER'S POUR LE MERITE, THE "BLUE MAX!" GERMANY'S HIGHEST DECORATION
AND DEATH SEEMS TO SUMMON VON HAMMER IN THE SAME GESTURE...
K-RAAACK..
CREATED AND WRITTEN BY BOB KANIGHER
PENCILLED BY
INKED BY: JUAN ORTIZ
COLORED BY JERRY SERPE
J-4871

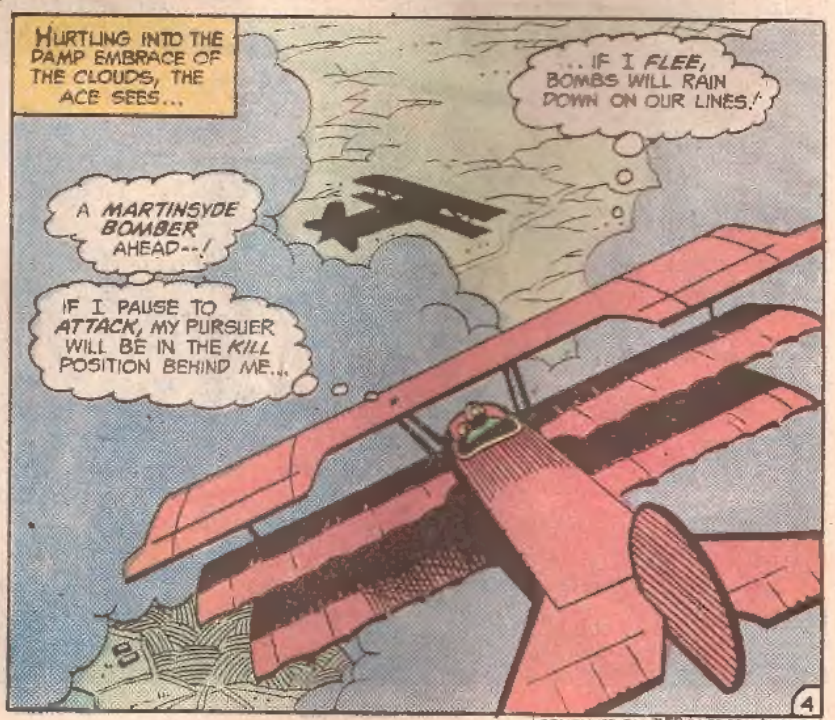
THE SHAKING HAND OF THE TENSE PILOT CAUSES THE SHOT TO MISS AND HIT...
THE GOGGLES!
TH THE MAD P.LOT MISSED VON HAMMER AS .E BY A MIRACLE AND STRUCK HIS GOGGLES INSTEAD!
BUT HE WI.. NOT MISS A SECOND TIME!
VON HAMMER STARES AT THE RED-RIMMED EYES OF THE HYSTERICAL P.LOT
S.ENT COLD AS UNYIELDING MARBLE THE ACE HOLDS OUT HIS HAND
FORGIVE ME. I I DO NOT KNOW WHAT CAME OVER ME, HERR RITTMEISTER!
T TO SEE MY BEST FRIENDS CRASH TO THEIR DEATHS DAY - TER DAY WHILE YOU REMAIN SAFE, UNTOUCHED...M-MY HEAD SEEMED TO EXPLODE!
AND LEUTNANT KESSEL HIS WILL BROKEN BY THE ICY GAZE SURRENDERS HIS GUN ..
YOU HAVE DONE TOO MUCH FLYING, LEUTNANT KESSEL! YOU NEED REST!
YOU WILL NOT NEED YOUR GOGGLES TODAY.
TAKE LEUTNANT KESSEL TO THE DOCTOR!
JA WOHL, HERR RITTMEISTER!
MY GOGGLES ARE SHATTERED... USELESS. SHALL USE LEUTNANT KESSEL'S TODAY
TODAY I SHALL VIEW THE KILLER SKY THROUGH HIS EYES.
2

THE WOODEN PROP BLURS INTO GLINTING MOTION...
THE CHOCKS ARE SNATCHED FROM THE STRAINING FOKKE-
THE ONLY RESOURCE, WHICH THROBS WITH UNLEASHED POWER
AND THE CELEBRATED TRI PLANE LUNGES INTO THE DAWN SKY LIKE A CRIMSON SABRE..
THE RITTMEISTER ESCAPED DEATH ONCE
BUT WHAT WILL THE REST OF THE DAY BRING?
WHAT CAN HARM A KILLING MACHINE?
A HAMMER OF IRON HAMMER ABOVE THE TANGLED BARBED WIRE AND
THAT COAL-BLACK BRISTOL STRAFING OUR TROOPS--IT'S THE FIRST TIME I HAVE ENCOUNTERED SUCH A PLANE!
THE ENGLANDER IS A DEADLY SHOT; HE IS FELLING THE MEN LIKE RABBITS!


INSTANTLY, VON HAMMER HURLS HIS RED FOKKER BETWEEN THE TRAPPED INFANTRYMEN AND THEIR RELENTLESS TORMENTOR...
HIS FRAGILE SHIP SHUDDERS UNDER THE RAKING VICKERS MACHINE GUN FIRE, DIVERTED FROM THE BLEEDING SOLDIERS...
AM I HAVING A NIGHTMARE?--
LIKE LEUTNANT KESSEL?



YANKING THE STICK BACK, VON HAMMER SENDS HIS SCREAMING FOKKER ZOOMING SKYWARDS...
THAT GRISLY GHOUL IS AS TENACIOUS AS THE WILD BOAR'S HELMET HE WEARS--
BUT AT LEAST THE TROOPS HAVE A CHANCE TO ESCAPE WHILE HE'S BENT ON TEARING ME TO SHREDS!


HURTLING INTO THE DAMP EMBRACE OF THE CLOUDS, THE ACE SEES...
... IF I FLEE, BOMBS WILL RAIN DOWN ON OUR LINES!
A MARTINSYDE BOMBER AHEAD--!
IF I PAUSE TO ATTACK, MY PURSUER WILL BE IN THE KILL POSITION BEHIND ME...

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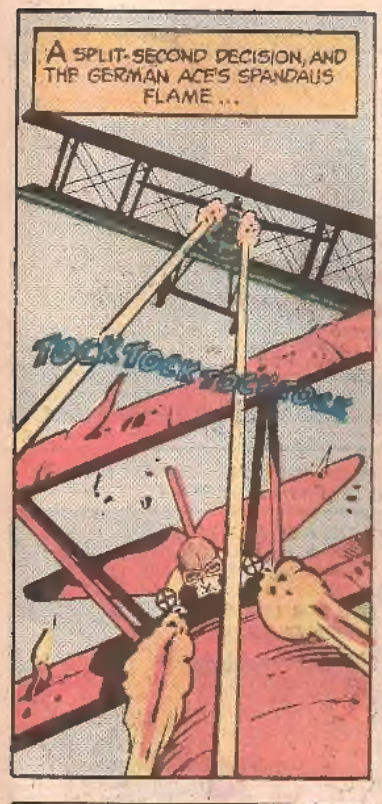
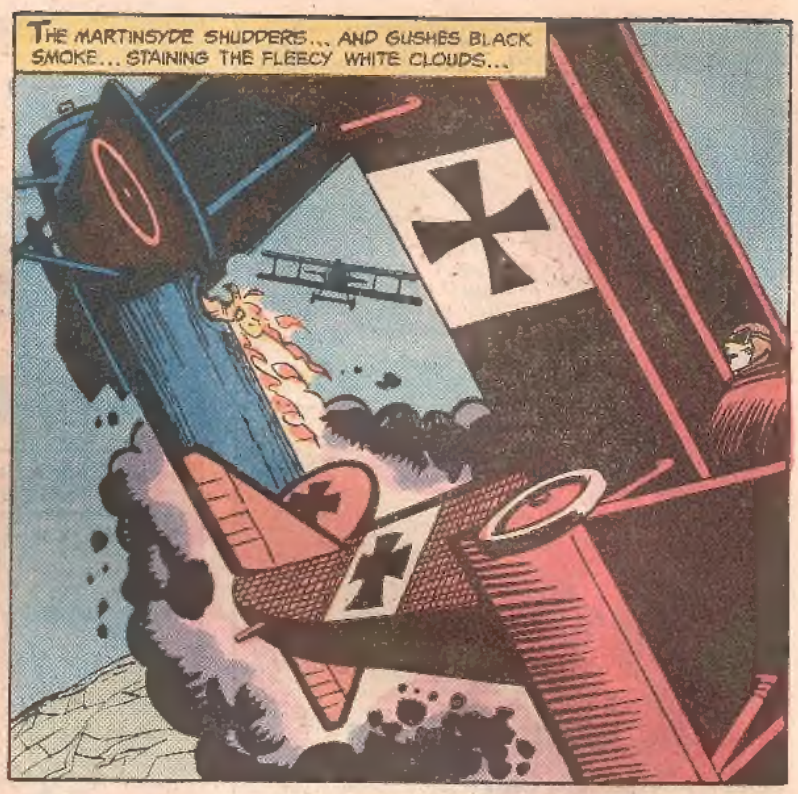
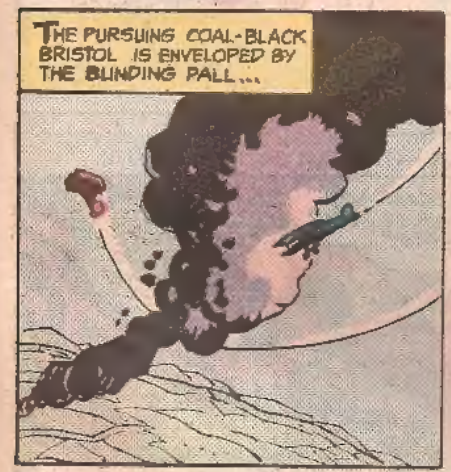
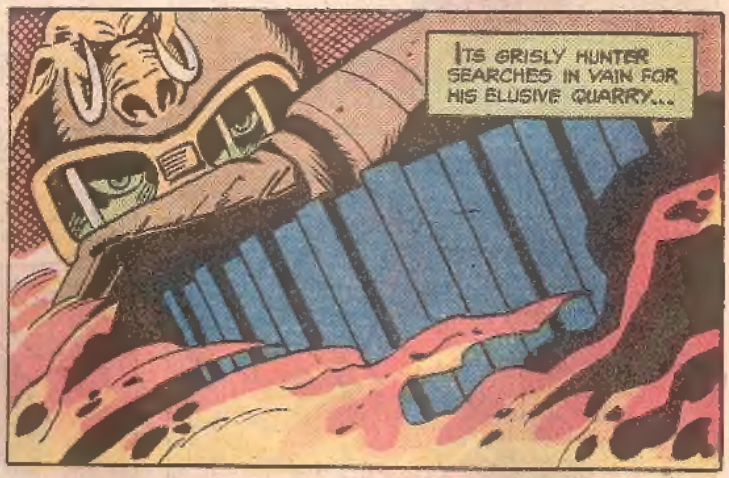
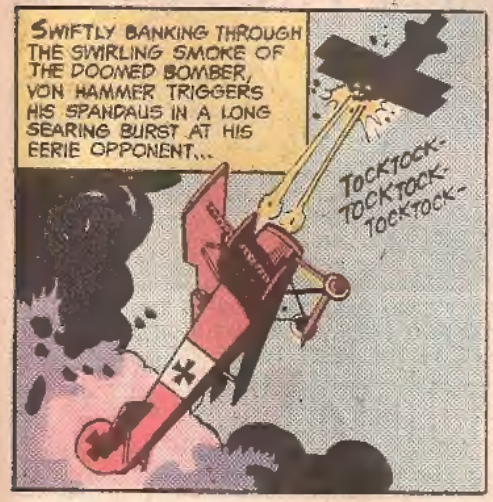

A SPLIT-SECOND DECISION, AND THE GERMAN ACE'S SPANDAUS FLAME...
TOCK TOCK TOCK TOCK

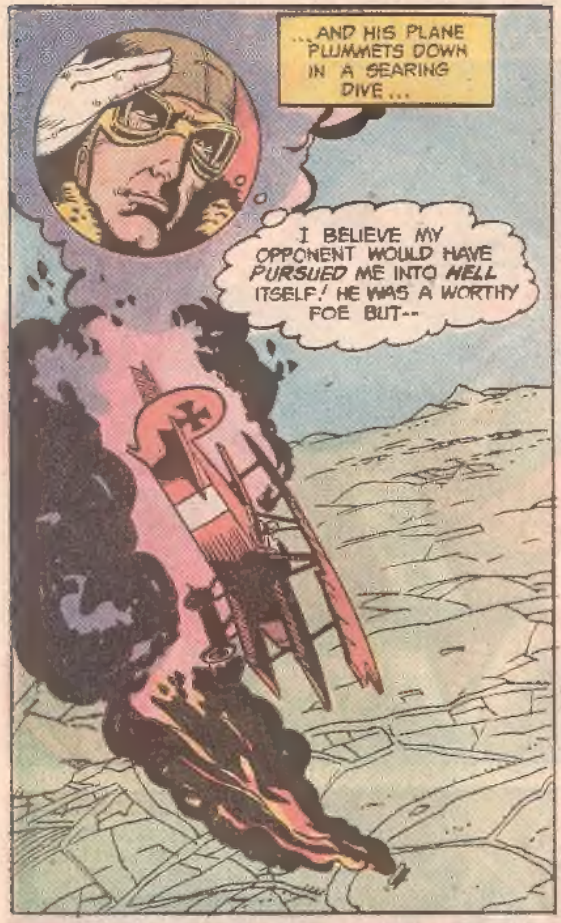

THE MARTINSYDE SHUDDERS... AND GUSHES BLACK SMOKE... STAINING THE FLEECY WHITE CLOUDS...


THE PURSUING COAL-BLACK BRISTOL IS ENVELOPED BY THE BLINDING PALL...

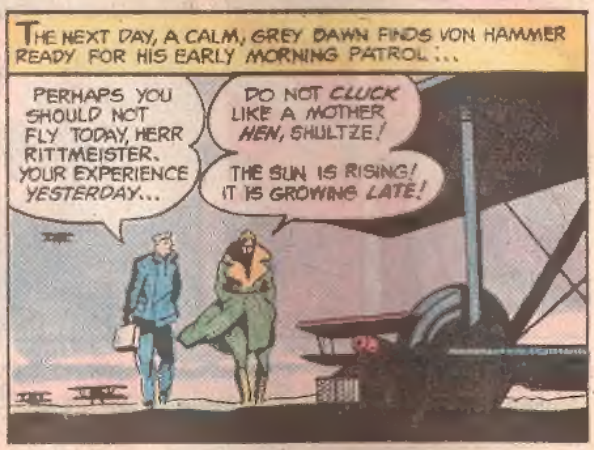

ITS GRISLY HUNTER SEARCHES IN VAIN FOR HIS ELUSIVE QUARRY...


SWIFTLY BANKING THROUGH THE SWIRLING SMOKE OF THE DOOMED BOMBER, VON HAMMER TRIGGERS HIS SPANDAUS IN A LONG SEARING BURST AT HIS EERIE OPPONENT...
TOCKTOCK-TOCKTOCK-TOCKTOCK-

AN INHUMAN GROWL SWELLS FROM THE THROAT OF THE PILOT IN HIS FLAMING COCKPIT...
ARRRGHNNN


...AND HIS PLANE PLUMMETS DOWN IN A SEARING DIVE...
I BELIEVE MY OPPONENT WOULD HAVE *PURSUED* ME INTO *HELL* ITSELF! HE WAS A WORTHY FOE BUT--

--IT IS KILL OR BE KILLED... IN THE KILLER SKIES!


THE NEXT DAY, A CALM, GREY DAWN FINDS VON HAMMER READY FOR HIS EARLY MORNING PATROL...
PERHAPS YOU SHOULD NOT FLY TODAY, HERR RITTMEISTER. YOUR EXPERIENCE *YESTERDAY*...
DO NOT *CLUCK* LIKE A MOTHER *HEN*, SHULTZE!
THE SUN IS RISING! IT IS GROWING *LATE*!

HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-!
TOCK TOCK TOCK TOCK TOCK
BUT IT IS A DAWN DESTINED TO REMAIN NEITHER CALM NOR GREY AS IT FLAMES INTO CRIMSON BEFORE THE BLAZING ATTACK OF A COAL-BLACK BRISTOL AND ITS FANTASTIC PILOT...

AS THE VENGEFUL ATTACKER THUNDERS AWAY FROM THE SMOKING DEBRIS ON JAGDSTAFFEL 17...
AM I *HALLUCINATING*? DID I SEE HIM GO DOWN IN *FLAMES*?
OR DID HE *COME BACK* FROM HELL TO CHALLENGE ME *AGAIN*?
END OF PART ONE! PART TWO PAINTS THE SKIES IN BLOOD FOR ENEMY AND HIS NIGHTMARE OPPONENT, IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF:
MEN OF WAR
ON SALE THE 3RD WEEK IN JUNE!

BATTLE LINES

c/o DC COMICS, INC.
75 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

Think of *DC Comics* and what images come to mind? The first has to be *Superman* . . . the character around who our company was built. And after him come his fellow superheroes in most readers' minds: *Batman, Wonder Woman, The Legion, The Justice League* . . . the list goes on into infinity. But a short year ago, if you asked people in the comics field what the best written *DC* character was, the answer probably wouldn't come wrapped up in four-color longjohns.

It probably would have been the *Unknown Soldier*. For just a year ago, David Michelinie was taking that always-brilliant series to the height of its realism, its creative potential, and making waves across the field with his efforts. Unfortunately, later in the year, David chose to give up that assignment for a number of complex reasons. But fortunately, the universe has a sense of balance, and now David is back with a new war series—one destined to be just as powerful and dramatic.

Code Name: Gravedigger is definitely a new type of war series for comics, but one that we think is long overdue. The hero, Ulysses Hazard, is a patriotic man and a brave one—as most war heroes are. But he's also frustrated in his patriotism, and we think you'll be shocked by the direction that frustration takes next issue. Speaking of next issue, it will conclude the "origin" of *Code Name: Gravedigger*, and explain the unusual title of our series. And if you think you can predict any part of that tale, you'd better think again. We guarantee it to be the most unusual story you've read in any war mag this (or any other) year.

The other star of this magazine is equally unusual, although much more familar to most of our readers. Hans Von Hammer's stories provide a good counter-balance to the *Gravedigger* series, since the setting is a different war, a different branch of the military, and most important, the hero is an *Enemy Ace*!

We'll be continuing the *Enemy Ace* saga that begins in this issue for two more parts, so that our second star has some room to develop. And please note that we consider both men to be the stars of this magazine—in the long run, your comments and your purchases of our issues will decide which man lasts longer in these pages.

Both men, of course, fulfill the title of this magazine in every regard: they are, unquestionably, *MEN OF WAR*. It is the battlefield which shapes their lives, their characters, and their actions, and both men are fighting not their human opponents, but the true enemy in war—death.

In the future, this space will be devoted to your comments and letters and our answers to your questions and arguements. But to do that, we need your letters. Please address them to: BATTLE LINES, DC Comics, 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10019. We'll be listening.

DC'S COMBAT CHECKLIST

SGT. ROCK

* *SGT. ROCK*—the non-com every general would like to be leads Easy Company into action every month in his own magazine! Created and written by Robert Kanigher, with battle blockbuster art by Joe Kubert, Lee Elias and Romeo Tanghal!

UNKNOWN SOLDIER

* *UNKNOWN SOLDIER*—the soldier every man has met, but no man knows! His behind-the-lines thrillers appear every month, written by Bob Haney with art by Dick Ayers and Gerry Talaoc! *Plus*: a new Vietnam War Diary—beginning soon!

OUR FIGHTING FORCES

* *OUR FIGHTING FORCES*—the inter-service special team that handles jobs no one else would touch! What do *the Losers* have to lose? Only their lives! Join Capt. Storm—Gunner & Sarge—and Johnny Cloud, the Navaho Ace in every issue!

G.I. COMBAT

* *G.I. COMBAT* World War Two was the big one, and it takes a big book to fit it all in! 80 pages—All New—with the Haunted Tank, the men of the O.S.S., and more pages of action than any war book has ever fit between two covers!

THE GREAT SUPERMAN MOVIE CONTEST